Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to enoble thoſe,
That ſcarce ſome two dayes ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie
Againſt the Duke of Clarence: but haue beene
An earneſt aduocate to pleade for him.
My Lord, you do me ſhamefull iniurie,
Falſely to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Glo. You may denie that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may, L. Riuers, why who knowes not ſo?
She may doe more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts.
What may ſhe not? ſhe may, yea marrie may ſhe.
Riu. What marry may ſhe?
Glo. What marry may ſhe? marry with a King
A batcheler, a handſome ſtripling too.
Iwis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Q. My L. of Gloceſter, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maieſtie,
With thoſe groſſe taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a countrey ſeruant mayd,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, ſcorned, and baited at: *Enter Qu.*
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene. *Margret.*
Q. Mar. And leſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech thee,
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeate is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him and ſpare not, looke what I ſayd,
I will auouch in preſence of the King:
Tis time to ſpeake, my paynes are quite forgot.

Q. Mar

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I
Thou ſleweſt my husband
And Edward my poore ſo
Glo. Ere you were que
I was a pack-horſe in his g
A weeder out of his proud
A liberall rewarder of his
To royalize his blood I ſp
Qu. Mar. Yea, and mu
Glo. In all which time, y
Were factious for the hou
And Riuers, ſo were you.
In Margarets battale at Sa
Let me put in your minde
What you haue bene ere
Withall, what I haue bene
Qu. Mar. A murtherou
Glo. Poore Clarence d
Yea and forſwore himſelf
Qu. Mar. Which God
Glo. To fight on Edwa
And for his meede (poore
I would to God my heart
Or Edwards ſoft and pitti
I am too childiſh fooliſh f
Q. M. Hie thee to hell
Thou Cacodemon, there
Ri. My Lord of Gloce
Which here you vrge to p
We followed then our Lo
So ſhould we you, if you
Glo. If I ſhould be? I ha
Farre be it from my heart
Q. M. As litle ioy (my
You ſhould enioy, were yo
As little ioy may you ſupp
That I enioy being the Qu
Q. M. A litle ioy enioy
For I am ſhe, and altogeth

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